ULATIS



May, 1911

VACAVILLE HERITAGE COUNCIL

To Our Honored and Esteemed

Faculty

this number of

The Vatis

is respectfully dedicated

VACAVILLE HERITAGE COUNCIL

THE ULATIS

VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

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Thoughts.

BEULAH BEATRICE WHEELER, '12.

LAUNCHED on the sea of thoughts, my bark is frail, and the waves dash high. Shall I sail safely through?

Above me bends the steel grey heaven, on one side blended into fire-clouds which are occassionally rent in twain by jagged bolts of lightening. On the other, it is calm, and the color is of the soft tints of dawn, ever sober and restful. Behind me hangs a mist, and before, far ahead the white capped breakers reach out in tumbling masses, presenting terraces of white as they roll toward me.

Hither and thither my craft is tossed, now from a wave which dashed against the shores of far away India, now from a swell caused by the floating ice washed down from the frozen North, then I feel a gentle current, rippling as it splashes from the running over Mediterranean, which once guarded the homes of the wise men of old. But 'twould be sacrilege to dip into such relics; I must not imitate.

I begin to lose heart and the blending spray cuts deep, when suddenly there appears a firm dark object with the waves dashing playfully against it. Eagerly I row towards it, I almost reach the goal, then the whole is swallowed from my sight by a whirlpool which rests upon the bottomless sands.

As that, my first firm hope slipped away, others came whirling to me from all sides. These objects are hurled at me till my brain reels and I lose my hold. I close my eyes, for in that chaos I can distinguish nothing which I can hold. I will suffocate in the deluge!.....No, I am still alive, rocking gently and in stillness.

At length the silence becomes oppressive, a chill creeps over me, I peer in every direction for some break in the monotony. I must have something, even the deluge of everything is better than this nothing from which I vainly try to grasp food for a famished brain.

A cool breeze comes tripping lightly from over the waves behind, it bears me welcome news of childhood—many sweet little packages of forgotten kind-

ness, a bit of love, an encouraging smile, or the handclasp of a true friend. I reach out my arms longingly to receive them; I cry to the breeze to bring more and bring them faster. I bury my face in the perfume of some sweet flower of memory, then hold out my hand for more. Cruel wind! what have you done with my presents? Why so treacherously change your course? My eyes fill with tears, as far in the distance I see the last of my hopes.

I turn in despair from receiving the longed for help in the past, I turn for it in the future.

I see a light! It is a port, once more my heart leaps with joy and I seize the oars to help the laggard waves, I battle with might and main. My arms grow tired, I am weary with the effort to reach that elusive port, for sheet after sheet of water I speed over, yet the distance remains unmeasured. The more I cover the farther recedes the land and the expanse becomes rougher and wider.

Shall I give up the effort? Shall I lay down my oars and return from whence I came, empty handed?

Pride surges up within me and I drop on my knees and beseech heaven for help.

While thus in my despair, like gentle dew from heaven the rain drops fall upon me; the sun peeps out from the darkness, and lo! a beautiful rainbow, my hope in the glorious sky! It catches me up in its folds and carries me lightly upward. I grasp at the smooth ribbons as they go whirling past me. Higher, ever higher I go till the heights make me dizzy. The air I breathe is so light I begin to doubt my reality.

I reach the top, I look for the reward and see a scroll above me. Eagerly I spring towards it and grasp a silver thread but the scroll remains just beyond my reach. I dare not let go the bright ribbons which hold me in the heavens. I am afraid to drop the silver thread for fear the scroll will vanish. I gaze in terror at the retreating sun, for my safety depends upon its light. Closer it dips to the horizon, all ablaze in blinding colors.

Fascinated I watch the Monarch disappear and forget my fright in the glory of the scene.

To me, who was so near to heaven, the sparkling sheet of water took on a heaven's blue, the long shadows dimmed not the reflections but kept them dancing on either side of the flower-strewn way, along which the sleepy sun was passing and giving his good-night caresses.

Slowly I turn my gaze from the burning water and noticed that one end of my rainbow rested in a beautiful valley, the other end, which was the nearest to the sun and also the brightest, rested upon the fathomless deep, where the water foamed and lashed. As I looked at this spot, the rainbow nearest the water began to vanish, gradually but surely my bright ribbons began to fade, though I hung on as if my hold might stay the disaster.

Then came a soft thump, a scramble, and I held in either hand a bunch of grass.

The rainbow had evaporated and dropped me at its farther end. Safe from the dangerous sea and my peerless height in the clouds, my new position felt so restful that I was content to let my thoughts rest in sleep.

A Philosophical Picture.

A. F.

I HAD BEEN EMPLOYED during the evening in the production of a picture. The fact itself is neither startling nor unusual, since this is one of my favorite pastimes, but my more or less crude attempts at Art have generally been confined to reproduction, rather than to the imagination. But the subject of this particular picture was something out of the ordinary for a person of the crude tastes and masculine temperment, of which it is generally conceded I possess a generous share.

So it was a foregone conclusion with me that the "Fair Sex" never would occupy a prominent place in my affairs, as they never had. But I had lately come in contact with one of their number, who had completely revolutionized my view, and taken up more of my thought than was beneficial to my daily business.

And so this evening I had been attempting to copy from my imagination, in black and white, that face that was so clearly before my mind. The task was so absorbing that I had become oblivious to the passing of time, and although I had practically finished it, after several hours' labor, I might have continued for some time, had not the cat that had been asleep on the floor, arisen and with all four feet close together stretched to twice his normal height and yawned indifferently. I caught myself following his example, at least to some degree, and realizing that I was becoming weary, threw down my pencil, and held out my work at arm's length for a critical survey.

I had greatly overreached my expectations, and the picture seemed to me to be a perfect likeness, and more lifelike than even a photograph. I was somewhat surprised, but I was too fascinated with the picture to feel any elation over my artistic success.

I simply sat gazing into the eyes before me, and probably partaking in some fantastical day-dream peculiar to a youth in my plight, when I was suddenly recalled to reason and my surroundings by a clearly preceptible glow of the same wonderful brown lustre in the eyes of the picture that had first attracted my attention in the original. Thinking my overstrained sight aided by a freely working imagination had produced a delightful optical delusion, I closed my eyes and rubbed them gently. When I again looked at the picture, truly but reluctantly expecting to see the plain black and white, I was startled to see that the eyes had gained in color and brightness. The face was actually assuming a normal flesh tint, with a delicate flush of pink in the cheeks, and the lips began to redden.

I was now quite alarmed and sat up and stared impudently at the picture, until the thought came to me that I had fallen asleep and was dreaming. This

was a momentary consolation, but as I glanced about the room the familiar objects were too distinct and real to confirm this solution, and when my eye fell on the cat sitting on his haunches and demurely watching my startled expression, I was more assured of my wakeful state than of my sanity. But the cat would be a splendid test for the reality of the spectre, which I could see was growing every second more lifelike, so I picked him up and held him a few inches from the picture. As soon as he had beheld it, his muscles grew rigid in my grasp, his tail swelled, and his eyes which were standing out on his head, gave one frightened glance into mine, and then as he shot out into thin air, he left his footprints on my hand. As he disappeared under the bookcase, my terror was not sufficient to surpress a grin.

But this incident had proven beyond doubt the presence of something abnormal about the picture, for a practical commonplace cat is not generally given to superstition, and his imagination would hardly tend in the same direction as mine.

Then I was seized with a great curiosity to determine the meaning of the affair. This was surely a splendid opportunity for a quiet little study of some branch of occult science, or something else that I knew equally little of, and although such a study had alway appealed to me as the greatest folly and waste of time, it was before me and my senses refused to deny it. In fact the face seemed to stand out now, and it had gained all the appearance of a human being. But there was no use in attempting to evade the good or evil intentions of a supernatural being, and so I set my jaw, and turned a defiant stare at the picture, as though I were about to face an encounter with a grizzly bear instead of with the most lovely creature imaginable.

But I could not long maintain a belligerent attitude while looking into that face, and as I felt my own expression soften, the countenance of the picture began to smile sweetly as if amused at my actions. Then as the lips moved the words that issued forth were quite as audible and musical as though they came from the picture's original.

"You have never before believed in direct intercourse between spirits and human beings, but you do now," said the voice. I managed to affirm that I most certainly did. "I might as easily," continued the voice, have appeared to you in the form of some repulsive beast, but I knew that no appearance would impress you so strongly as this, for you imagine yourself in love with the being whom I represent."

Here the voice paused and the eyes searched me questioningly. My fear had now given way to some degree of anger, at thus being confronted with so delicate and personal a statement, but after a few moments of intent study of the design in the carpet, I nodded sullenly and raised my eyes to the picture.

"Now," said the voice, "your feeling is based on beauty, which at best is but a feeble addition to the real worth of any person, and you have never considered its possible termination. The hours you spent here in the contemplation of things improbable, were valuable, but all your mind developed in them was quite as worthless as the picture that you produced. In fact you could not more successfully have wasted so much time."

I began to realize that the picture had a real purpose in appearing as it did,

that of showing me my error. A feeling of regret and shame took possession of me, at the truth of the words to which I had been listening to. I became confused and my eyes wandered about the room in search of some defense, either in the way of argument or a change of subject.

Just then the cat walked out from under the bookcase with no apparent display of alarm, or any unusual happening, except that he was licking his lips with sensual satisfaction. I have always been a close observer of animals, and as he sat down and began to carefully wash his face, the fact dawned on my mind that I had never before seen a cat licking his lips in just that manner except after devouring a mouse.

This conclusion carried some weight with me, but only tended to muddle my mind more than ever. I turned my eyes once more on the picture.

It was gone! But no, the paper was still there, and sure enough, upon it was the plain black and white object of my creation.

This was in itself a startling discovery, but much less so than it was pleasing. "At any rate," I said aloud, "This won't happen again." As I did so I caught the picture up, and tossed it on the glowing coals of the grate, then as I watched the paper flare up, and as suddenly die down and drop and crack itself into a charred bit, there came to my mind the essence of an expression I had somewhere heard: " The fool that looked upon forbidden things."

The Graduates.

We are coming, Uncle Samuel, a half a million strong;
From every school house in the land we pour—a lively throng.
From the coast of bleak New England to the California shore
You can near the steady tramp of feet as we come to the fore.
You'd better sit up, Uncle! Wipe the cobwebs from your eyes!
We'll show you how to do things, for we're very young and wise.

Class Poem.

NANNIE LAWRENCE, '11.

Four years have passed, four winters with the length
Of ten short months! And once again we stand
In the long resounding halls of V. H. S.
To bid you all farewell. Yet once again
Do we behold our teachers and our classmates;
The day is come when we are forced to part,
So now we cast a last fond glance, and view
Our chalk-strewn class rooms as they will remain
Forever in our memory. Now once more
We see the English room, where we have probed
The ghosts of Shakespeare and of Coleridge
With questions on their meaning, and compiled
Huge notebooks full of thoughts. Across the hall
Lies the Commercial room, the trysting place
For social lights and leaders. Yonder door
Sends forth a jargon unintelligible—
Some language of two thousand years ago
Designed to have a ripening effect
Upon the Freshmen green. Hark! What is that?
From above, sweet melodies entice us now—
We hear "Happy and Light of Heart Are Those."
Yonder is the Civics room, where we have learned
To rule the Nation when women gain their rights.
Then the Physics lab.! Its tables are as usual
Piled with apparatus in copious disarray.
Like Bluebeard's hall of mystery, one door is locked
And yet no horrors lurk within. It is
The place of books. Even in that awful room
Of uncertain penalties—the office; now
We dare to smile, and only happy hours
Will live in memory. Once more farewell!
Yet not farewell! We can not leave these scenes
We've learned to love in happy High School days.
In this hill-encircled valley of our home
We shall remain and take our places as
Your friends, your wives, and teachers. And shall be
A faithful band of V. H. S. alumni
To further every interest of our school.

Last Will of the Class of 1911.

WE, THE CLASS OF 1911, of V. U. H. S., City of Vacaville, County of Solano, State of California, preparing to depart, thinking the tasks imposed by the faculty of this school of a too strenuous nature for our delicacy, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:

FIRST—We give and bequeath to the Freshmen a portion of our knowledge and good looks.

SECOND—We give and bequeath to the class of 1912, the remainder of the Physics apparatus purchased at the beginning of our Senior year.

THIRD—We give and bequeath to the girls who may use them the basement windows as a door through which they may leave or enter the building.

FOURTH—We give and bequeath to the Junior girls those sissy Sophomore boys.

FIFTH—We give and bequeath to George Allen the lower hall of this building to be used as a parade ground in which to seek another Hazel.

SIXTH—We give and bequeath to any boy and girl in the school, that are too bashful to be seen talking together, the privilege of exchanging notes in the hall while they think no one is looking.

SEVENTH—We give and bequeath to Leo Reese the privilege of tormenting the next year Physics class with his many giggles.

EIGHTH—We give and bequeath to Margaret Steiger a ball of string with which to tie up that charming little whistle of hers.

NINTH—We give and bequeath to all the pupils this High School Building with all its equipments, providing they never deface either while they remain in their possession.

TENTH—We give and bequeath to the Ulatis an everlasting existence in the High School, hoping that it will be even a better success in the future.

ELEVENTH—We give and bequeath to Irving Cleaves all of Pearl's smiles.

TWELFTH—To the pupils of this school we leave our regrets at parting, wishing them much success during their remaining years in High School.

LASTLY—We do hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Clarence Davis of said school executor of this, our last will and testament, and do hereby revoke all former wills.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the Class of 1911, have affixed our seal

and signature to this, our last will and testament, on the twenty-fifth day of May, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

[Signed] CLASS OF 1911.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Class of 1911 as their last will and testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto set our hands as witnesses, the day and year last above mentioned.

MR. T. J. PENFIELD
MISS DOROTHY K. JEWETT } Witnesses.

Senior Queries.

"Why does Louise at home remain examination day,
And Edna quickly from the train arrive when Freddy is away;
And Rhoda, why does she at noon go down to Edstrom's store,
And Nannie every Monday fail t' have looked her lessons o'er;
Why does Elise at twelve o'clock go hurrying for her mail,
And why does Hazel advertise so many beaux for sale;
And why does Pearl beside the window stand and talk to Cleaves,
While Ruby from her Jimmy boy so many smiles receives;
And why does Joe into the laboratory door insert his Keyes;
And Mabel, why in Physics Ex. is she so ill at ease?"

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

These are the things that puzzle me,
I wonder why they be;
I've asked them all and severally,
But they won't tell, you see.

Class History.

HAZEL DUNCAN, '11.

IN WRITING the history of the Class '11 the greatest difficulty has been to condense the material.

August 5th in the year 1907 (it seems like yesterday, but in reality it has been four years), twenty-five Freshmen walked up the High School hill bent upon gaining a higher education.

We were called "Babies," and spoken of as "The Kindergarten," but we had come to stay, and we stayed.

Our Freshman year was one long agony. We were tormented by the Juniors and "Sophs"; we were afflicted with geometry and Latin, and were ever reminded that we were Freshmen. This year a basket ball team was organized, and, much to the chagrin of the upper classmen, it was composed mostly of "Freshies." They could keep us out of other things but not out of basket ball, as this was won by merit. We also organized a class team and defeated the school 10-1. Towards the end of the term a pink domino party was given. We were allowed to attend but not to dance. Under the supervision of Miss Oehlman we played "Poor Puss" in a corner.

In our Sophomore year we made it as disagreeable for the Freshmen as it had been for us. Our class gained renown through an invention, made by Daryl Davis, of a clock which would ring the electric bells every forty-five minutes.

1910—This year our class was re-enforced by the arrival of Warren Sloat and the decision of Leslie Spear to graduate with us.

As Juniors we were given full right to participate in all school activities. We controlled the basket ball team, and the year of '10 was the most successful year since its organization. The "Ulatis," the school paper, was edited by two of our number and the staff was composed mostly of Juniors.

The class at the end of the Junior year promised to be large for the Senior year, but Warren Sloat departed as unexpectedly as he had arrived; Daryl Davis, in order to enlarge his field of study, left for the Berkeley high; Leslie Spear, who had adopted our class, left (Xmas 1910) to take up his residence in Haywards, and others, I am sorry to say, were afflicted with the germ of discouragement and decided to wait another year to graduate.

Now comes the year of all years, the year 1911. We are Seniors. We were very important with our class meetings and consultations in the office. We organized our class for the first time and the officers are as follows: Joe Keys (our only boy), President; Mabel Christopher, Vice President; Elise Buckingham, Secretary; Nannie Lawrence, Treasurer. After many meetings, considerable debate and, much disappointment to some, we selected our class pin—and

strange to say we are all wearing them today. Our next act of note was the class play, the first to be given in almost six years. We spent many weary hours over it. We rose early and went to bed late in order to rehearse, and after our strenuous effort to again bring dramatics before the eyes of the school, we sincerely hope that the succeeding classes will follow our good example. We chose for class motto, "aut inveniam viam aut faciam," and now that the term is over and we are leaving school, some to go to college and others to take part in the struggle for a place in the world, without a doubt is the time to apply our motto, either to find a path or make one.

Class Song.

Tonight we stand, a student band,
Our colors green and gold;
Our High School course is all complete,
We our diplomas hold.
Our motto "aut inveniam
Viam aut faciam."
Yes, truly, "aut inveniam
Viam aut faciam."

We'll oft retrace in memory
Our rose-strewn school-time path,
As we search out the varied ways
Our hopeful future hath.
A fond "Auf Wiedersehen" all,
Nannie, Edna, Louise,
Hazel, Mabel, Ruby and Pearl,
Joseph, Rhoda, Elise.

Class Prophecy.

Louise Krause, '11.

As I sat and read of spirits,
In this way had spent the evening,
Though attracted by its mystery
I was deaf yet to its meaning.
Close, I laid the book beside me,
Watched the clock's hands for half an hour
As it creep from ten to eleven.
Then I gazed into the fire,
That my mind upon its journey
Might not lack the cheerful firelight,
Might not grope about in darkness.
As I watched the flickering embers,
Slowly rose from out their vapors,
Crouching low, the glowing coals among,
A tiny elf with odd shaped head,
Stepped without the cheerful fireside.
With outstretched hands and smiling face
He merrily laughed, with sparkling eye,
And said, "Your troubles I plainly see
So give yourself now up to me."
Nimbly he sprang and with tiny hand
Cast on the fire a powder fine,
The fire was blown and was sifted
Like great snow drifts o'er the landscape
I was raised in air, cloud like
Floated thru the mighty heavens
To a place so well remembered—
Vacaville, the home of childhood.
As I passed along the sidewalks
Saw many unfamiliar and familiar faces;
Heard of the extended town limits,
Saw parks, car lines and hotels.
I was told of a clairvoyant
Famed in witchcraft and in mystery.
It was Hazel, mirthful Hazel.

It was evening, in the starlight
Fearless of her magic circles

Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Went I to the abode of Hazel,
Laughing, fearless, reckless Hazel,
In her lodge beside the brooklet,
Close beside Ulatis creeklet,
Sat she fondling cats of all hues.
Streaked, black, with eyes of sunlight,
Colored grey and snow white, cloud like.
As I, entering, stood before her,
Stood before the fortune teller,
Rose she with a sign of greeting,
I addressed her timid, faltering,
"Tell me, Hazel, of my classmates,
Of the boy and nine fair maidens
Who are parted and scattered widely
'Mongst the states of this fair union.
Tell me, has the Goddess, Fortune,
Dealt fair justice to my classmates?"
So I asked and she not answering
Laid a fagot in the fire,
Slowly stirred the smoldering coals there,
Till the smoke went rising, curling,
Billowing up the sooty chimney.
"So," she said, "the fog comes rolling
Round the hills of San Francisco,
Thru the passes, in the city.
There the dark-haired maiden dwelleth
Lovely maiden of Elmira,
Dwells no longer in Elmira,
In that tranquil, silent village,
She has wandered to the city
Not defenseless, for beside her
Is her Freddy, king of twirlers,
Matchless hero of the diamond,
Monarch of her heart and homestead.
Once again I spoke and asked her:
"Tell me, Hazel, of the others,
Tell me of the hearty Nannie,
Nannie loved by all who knew her,
Loved by pupils and by teachers.
Does she quarrel as much as ever
With her dark-haired farmer laddie?
Tell me all, and all about her."
Turning then, without replying,
Hazel laid a tapering finger
On a curious mechanism,
Strangely formed of coils and keyboard,

Upon the mantel, o'er the hearth,
Laid a finger there and pointing
To the room's unlighted corner,
Where a great clock threw its shadows.
There I gazed and saw a vision,
Nannie, standing on a platform,
Seeking rights and votes for women,
Gazed the mighty crowd before her
At her motions in midair,
Rocked the mighty throng below her,
Hats flew off and men came closer,
To hear her address—speech of fame.
Then the vision wavered, faded,
Changed and I beheld a setting
Act I, Scene II, in Othello.
Here it was I beheld a maiden,
Not an idle, thoughtless maiden;
Hands were skilled and feet were nimble,
And her eyes were as the doe's eyes,
Large and dark and full of sadness,
Full of sadness and of yearning.
It was Rhoda, laughing Rhoda,
Whom the stage had long allured,
Had allured, and to the public
Had revealed her charm and genius.
Slowly did her figure vanish,
And I turned to look on Hazel,
Speaking not, but slowly turning,
She attached a key to coiled wire
In the curious mechanism,
And I turned toward the shadow
And I saw Elise, a sister,
Who had settled in far Haywards,
Out upon the winding prairie,
Where there's peace and all is Happy.
Many patients of the village
Are afflicted with diseases.
Croup, chicken-pox and whooping cough,
Cared for in his home, gave the Doctor
Courage in his growing practice.
Then another stage before me,
Dim, appeared, amid the shadows,
And I heard the voice of singers,
Sweet and musical and tender,
Tenor voices, manly trilling,
To whose accents graceful, supple,
Keeping time with perfect rhythm,

Deftly moved two bottle jugglers,
Twins, they were, our Pearl and Ruby,
While the audience breathless, spellbound
Sat in rapture at their magic.
Like the rest this picture vanished
And I saw the Indian jungles,
Hunting ground of kings and courtiers,
Thru its tangled wildness wended
Many hunters in a party.
One was Mabel, onward striving,
Seeking bears to hold as trophies.
Now, once more I saw the darkness,
In the dim unlighted corner
Where the great clock threw its shadow.
Timidly, turned I to Hazel,
And in faltering accents asked her:
"Hazel, dare I ask the mystery
Of your magic, dare you tell me
By what power you throw the vision
Of far scenes in yonder shadows?"
Proudly thus she gave me answer:
"Out of boyhood into manhood,
Now has grown our boy, our Joseph,
Skilled in all the crafts of motors,
Learned in arts of all the ancients,
In all small and sensitive instruments,
In all manly arts and labors,
Marvelous are his achievements;
He has curbed the fitful lightning,
His invention is this magic,
This strange instrument which pictures
Distant scenes amid the shadows."
Deft she took it from the mantel,
Cast it in the glowing fireside,
Fear—terror—sprung up within me.
With hands outstretched I forward ran,
Croped for it in the glowing coals.

Quickly from the realms of heaven,
My awakening was a strange one.
I descended to my fireside
Thru the vapor of the evening, found
I was stooping close beside it,
Blindly groping in its depths.
I had now regained my senses,
And was seeking in the corners
For my friend, the elfin creature,

No'hing but the empty darkness.
The coals had burned to ashes,
The clock had moved to the hour—three,
The room was tumbled, chairs overturned.
I rubbed my weary eyes to see
If I myself was still living.
To this day I still believe true
The appearance of the tiny sprite
In my fire-glow palely flickering.

Class Day Song.

We're the class nineteen-eleven
And this is our "Class Day,"
(We're having our "Commencement week"
In the customary way).
We've finished all the course
Our High School Board has planned,
And we're about the wisest class
In all our glorious land.

CHORUS.

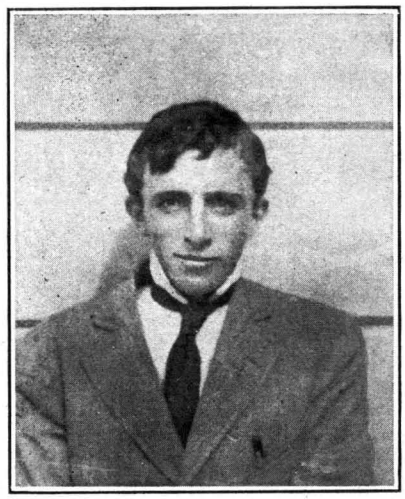
But, oh! we're wise, very wise,
Exceeding wise are we—
Linguistic, mathematical,
Historical are we—
Oh! we're wise, very wise,
Exceeding wise are we—
Commercial, scientific, too,
And we carol merrily.

We are a model class,
Our membership is ten—
We've one of all the sterner sex—
The manliest of men.
The rest of us are girls,
Tho' not without our sins.
The most of us were singly born—
Two came to earth as twins.

Chorus—

For the def'rence they have shown
We thank our honored Board;
We thank our worthy Faculty
For the great success we've scored.
Our janitor's been good
And his reward he'll reap;
All these kind individuals
We'll in remembrance keep.

Chorus—











JOE KEYES.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A sensitive instrument.

The Poet's Allusion—"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toils o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Dictum erit—His experiments puzzled the physicists.

ELISE BUCKINGHAM.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A "Munsey" magazine.

The Poet's Allusion—"The rising blushes which her cheeks o'er spread are opening roses in the lilies' bed."

Dictum erit—She had quite a remarkable head for one her size.

MABEL CHRISTOPHER.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A bashful young man.

The Poet's Allusion—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and very, very low.

Dictum erit—A short dark man hovered about her thru life.

HAZEL DUNCAN.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A tongue.

The Poet's Allusion—"Silence in a woman is like speech in a man."

Dictum erit—She died during the painful mastication of her own jokes.

PEARL LAROSE.

Dear Santy, please bring me—Popularity.

The Poet's Allusion—"What shall I do to be forever known, And make the age to come my own."

Dictum erit—She was eloquent and convincing.











NANNIE LAWRENCE.

Dear Santy, please bring me—Life without quarrels.
The Poet's Allusion—"Oh, memories! O, past that is."
Dictum erit—She traveled thru life amazingly easy.

RUBY LAROSE.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A happy life.
The Poet's Allusion—"Tall and stately as a slender pine."
Dictum erit—She studied herself to an untimely death.

RHODA BUCKINGHAM.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A box of candy.
The Poet's Allusion—"As merry as the day is long."
Dictum erit—That there is something to josh her about.

EDNA MARCH.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A baseball hero.
The Poet's Allusion—"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."
Dictum erit—She lived a life of spotless integrity and reputation.

LOUISE KRAUSE.

Dear Santy, please bring me—A leading part with a classy man.
The Poet's Allusion—"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."
Dictum erit—She lived to know better.

THE ULATIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL STAFF

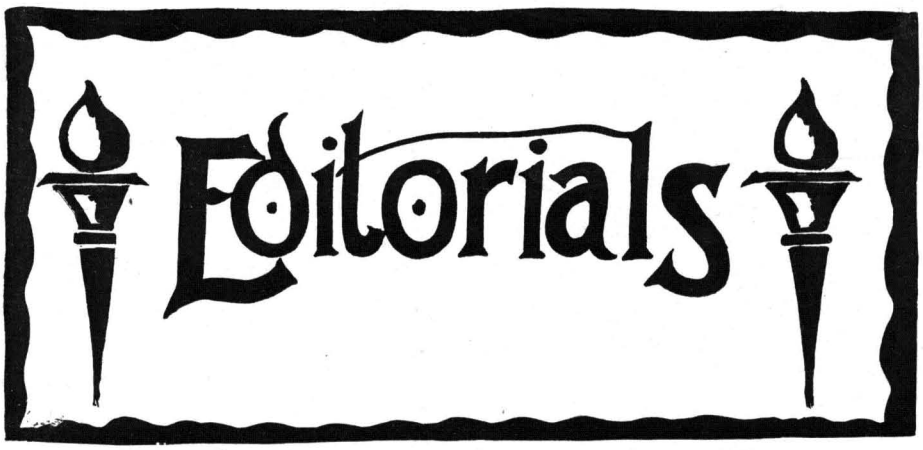
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"GOOD-BYE" usually means the parting of ways, the breaking asunder of ties. But the Class of May, 1911, does not wish the word to convey such a meaning. We are merely another class passing from the school into the community, some to go on in the higher branches of knowledge, others to begin the battle of life, and though parting now, still to be friends hereafter.

We have spent four years of unlimited value in the school—all too short. We entered High School young in experience; we depart far more able to fight our battles.

We ask the pardon of the patient faculty, whom we have frequently annoyed. They, no doubt, have become accustomed to our numerous questions and actions. Unfortunately, we have been small in number, but throughout the course have endeavored to exert individual energy in all our undertakings.

"Good-bye, Vacaville." May your future be as bright as our lives before us look. This is the wish of the Class of May, 1911.

WE WANT to thank the business men of Vacaville, who have aided us so generously by advertising. We urge all friends of the paper to patronize these firms that advertise. They help us. We should all help them.

AS EDITOR of the ULATIS, I want to thank my untiring staff for their co-operation. No Editor has ever worked with a more willing set of associates. No Editor has ever had more aid from the kind faculty.

TO THOSE contributing material, we extend our heartiest thanks.

DRAMATICS

The Senior Class of the High School has attempted to enter dramatics. Encouraged by the faculty and promised the help of our singing teacher, Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves, we at once began selecting a play with the right number in the cast. "She Stoops to Conquer" was planned for but the required number of boys were lacking. So we gave "A Scrap of Paper" in Walker's Opera House, May 23-24th. This is a pleasing three-act comedy involving a complicated and interesting plot.

The cast is as follows:

Prosper Couramont - - - - - - - - - - - Leo Reese
Baron De La Glaciere - - - - - - - - - - George Allen
Brisemouche (landed proprietor and naturalist) - - Ernest Waggoner
Anatole (his ward) - - - - - - - - - - James McCrory
Baptiste (servant) - - - - - - - - - - - Joe Keyes
Francois (Prosper's servant) - - - - - - - - Fred Archer
Baroness Louise De La Glaciere - - - - - - - Louise Krause
Mademoiselle Suzanne de Russeville (her cousin) - Rhoda Buckingham
Mathilde (sister of Louise) - - - - - - - Elise Buckingham
Mademoiselle Zenobie (sister of Brisemouche) - - - Hazel Duncan
Madame Dupont (housekeeper) - - - - - - Nannie Lawrence
Pauline (maid) - - - - - - - - - - - Fay Watson

Each one of the cast worked hard in rehearsals to make the play a success.



Commencement Week

The week beginning May 21st and ending on Friday evening can be termed as Commencement Week.

Sunday the class made its first public appearance at the Christian church, where the baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. F. E. Boren.

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the class devoted the time to the production of the Senior play, "A Scrap of Paper."

Class Day exercises were held Thursday afternoon at 2:30, and the program was as follows:

Music.
President's Address—Joseph Keyes.
Class History—Hazel Duncan.
Piano Solo—Siegmund's Love Song (Wagner, arr. by Lange), Edna March.
Class Poem—Nannie Lawrence.
Class Prophecy—Louise Krause.
Piano Solo—Arabesque (Wrangell), Rhoda Buckingham.
Presentation Oration—Elise Buckingham.
Class Will—Mabel Christopher.
Violin Duet—"Spring Song" (Mendelssohn) Pearl and Ruby LaRose.
Class Song—Class.

Thursday evening the Christian Endeavor Society of the Christian church gave a very enjoyable and entertaining reception to our class.

Commencement exercises were held on the 26th at Walker's Opera House. The address was delivered by Judge Albert G. Burnett, and the program was as follows:

Invocation.
Part Chorus—"Happy and Light of Heart" (Balfe), High School Chorus.
Salutatory—Miss Edna March.
Vocal Solo—"Still As the Night" (Carl Bohm), Miss Ethel B. Jones.
Commencement Address—"The True Education," Judge A. G. Burnett.
Ladies' Trio—"Lift Thine Eyes," from "Elijah," (Mendelssohn), High School Girls' Glee Club.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Vocal Solo—(a) "The Year's at the Spring" (Mrs. Beach), (b) "Sweet Miss Mary" (Neidlinger), Mrs. F. A. Steiger.
Commencement Song—Graduating Class.
Valedictory—Miss Ruby LaRose.
Chorus—(a) "The Cares of Yesterday" (Metcalf), (b) "Go Make Thy Garden Fair" (Lynes), High School Chorus.

Monday evening the Juniors tended the Seniors a much enjoyed dance.

MUSIC

During the past school year a great change has been made by the introduction of a regular course of study in music into both the High and Grammar Schools. The need of such a course has been apparent for some time, but until this year no definite move was made.

The movement was started in the Saturday Club, which, with the indorsement of the county superintendent, petitioned the Board of Trustees of the two schools to place a musical instructor in the schools. Gaining the consent of the members of the Boards, they applied to Miss Estelle Carpenter, supervisor of music in the San Francisco schools, and she sent Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves to fill the position.

Mrs. Cleaves began her work in November and since then we have had regular classes in music, just as we do in the other studies.

We are not only learning the rudiments of music and many of the fundamental principles of the voice culture, but through our chorus work we are acquiring the ability to carry our parts independently.

Although this work is only the beginning, its good effect is being felt throughout the school. Not only is the standard of music being raised and our taste for good music developed, but several good solo voices have been discovered, and other musical talent is being brought out.

Aside from the benefits of the musical work we are deriving a great deal of pleasure from the programs that we give twice a week. In these programs we have vocal and piano selections, numbers on stringed and wind instruments. The following are characteristic programs:

Vocal Solo—"So Live Today" - - - - - - - - Lynes
Piano Duet—"Rustic Dance" - - - - - - - - - Mason
Baritone Solo—Irish Airs - - - - - - - - - -

Piano Solo—Humoresque - - - - - - - - - Dvorak
Vocal Solo—"On the Shore" - - - - - - - - Neidlinger
Piano Solo—Minuetto - - - - - - - - - - Mozart

Vocal Solo—"April Rain" - - - - - - - - Oly Speaks
Ladies' Part Song—"Barcarolle" - - - - - - - - Denza
Vocal Solo—"Four Leaf Clover" - - - - - - - - Brownell

We are very proud that ours is the first school in the county to have introduced music into its course of study. County Superintendent White has repeatedly expressed the hope that other schools will follow the example that our Boards have set.

SCHOOL NOTES

A very instructive and enjoyable feature has been added to the school course this year, that of music, and much has been accomplished under the able direction of Mrs. Cleaves; also all who have taken the course have been greatly benefited by it.

Mrs. E. W. Manuel (nee Miss Irene Pitcher) our former mathematics teacher, departed from our educational circle this year, much to our regret. We are much pleased that her marriage did not necessitate her leaving Vacaville. Throughout our three years that she was with us she took an active part in promoting our success, not only in school, but in basket ball. The team's many victories are due largely to her kind supervision.

Miss Mabel Waite, last year's History and Physical Geography teacher, also left to teach in the southern part of the state.

Miss Ida Brown, the former Commercial teacher, is teaching now in Etna Mills.

This year the number of teachers has been reduced to four, the Faculty consisting of:

Mr. T. J. Penfield, principal.
Miss Pearl Brown, History and Commercial work.
Miss Mabel Brown, Mathematics and Commercial work.
Miss Dorothea Jewett, Language and Mathematics.

During the early part of the term a dance was given by the basket ball girls in honor of the Dixon basket ball team and baseball team. Those attending reported a pleasant evening.

On November 5th a debate was held in Dixon between the two High Schools, Dixon and Vacaville, on the question: "Resolved, That Municipalities Should Own and Operate Their Own Public Utilities." Vacaville upheld the affirmative, but was out-ruled by the negative. The debaters were:

Affirmative.	Negative.
Beulah Wheeler,	Warren Lehe,
Ruby Phillips.	Herbert Hope,
	Donald McFadyen.

Following the debate an entertaining dance was given in the hall to our visiting team.

One afternoon in April Mrs. Cleaves arranged for a pleasant half hour of music and song. Mrs. Oliver sang, while Mrs. Penfield rendered an instru-

mental solo. Both were enjoyed very much. Other numbers were given by the pupils.

During the term we have heard a number of interesting lectures delivered by competent people.

Mother Roberts gave a short lecture on morality and high ideals.

Mr. Fisk, Sr., spoke very entertainingly on the subject of Character and the value of a good name.

Colonel Lyons spoke of the Civil war and Lincoln, as was fitting for a Lincoln day program.

Rev. Fisk on Washington's birthday gave a short account of the beautiful and courageous character of George Washington.

One evening last month, Mr. Ruess, Alameda County Probation Officer, spoke in the High School. His speech was along the newest ideas of education.

Also at an early date, in the new year, three competent ministers, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barkle and Mr. MacAfee, spoke before the assembly. Their interest in school work was shown by their interesting speeches.

We received a visit from Professor Thomas of the University of California. It is the first time that an examiner has been here for three years.

County Superintendent of Schools Dan H. White also honored us by spending a half day in our class rooms. He was especially pleased with the interest taken in the music course.

Two members of the Senior English Class went to Berkeley May 15th to see Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe in the special production of "Macbeth" at the Greek Theatre of the University.

Apparatus worth more than $250 was purchased by the trustees for the Science department of the High School. It has made it so much more convenient in all the branches of Physics and Chemistry.



ATHLETICS

Boys' Athletics.

There has been very little done in the line of athletics this year. Before Xmas the boys did quite a bit of track work, but did not enter any meet. A basket ball team and also a baseball team were organized, but they only met with partial success.

Girls' Basket Ball.

As it was last year, the honors were left again this year for the girls to secure.

The first game was played at Vacaville, between Dixon and Vacaville, but due to the absence of two of our best players, we were defeated. The line-up was as follows:

Guards—Caroline Couch, Rhoda Buckingham.

Goals—Mintie Perry, Fay Watson.

Centers—Hazel Duncan, Ruth Meyers.

October 4, 1910, in Dixon, we played again. Both teams played well, but Vacaville proved the better by the score of 33-0.

The third and last game was with St. Helena at that place, October 10, 1910. Vacaville at first appeared to be handicapped on account of playing indoors, but the game was won easily. Score 43-3.

The line-up for the latter games was:

Guards—Pearl LaRose, Rhoda Buckingham.

Goals—Ruby LaRose, Mintie Perry.

Centers—Hazel Duncan, Ruth Meyers.

A game was to be played with Lodi three weeks ago, but on account of an accident happening to one of their best players it had to be called off at the last moment.

The Senior girls that leave the team this year are as follows: Pearl LaRose, Ruby LaRose, Hazel Duncan, Rhoda Buckingham and Elise Buckingham.

EXCHANGES

"Cogswell," San Francisco (June)—You have a very attractive cover and your material is of the same standard as your cover.

"Guard and Tackle," Stockton—The appearance of your paper would be greatly improved if you confined your ads to the back and added a fly leaf.

"The Tiger," San Francisco—Your josh department might be improved upon. Other material is good.

"Pine Breezes," Placerville—Is a very interesting paper. The poetry is worthy of special mention.

"Green and Gold," Tuolumne—Any paper may be justly proud of containing so many good stories.

"Lowell," San Francisco—Your josh department is as much of a credit to you as is your cover design.

"Potpourri," Auburn—The many cuts add greatly to the appearance of your paper. The departments are well arranged and contain much good material.

"The Searchlight," San Rafael—All the subject matter is very good. The prophecy is perhaps the best.

"The Modoc Purple and White," Alturas—The cut of your high school is an instructive addition to your paper. You may well be proud of the building. It is very pretty.

"The Oak," Berkeley—A few cuts would give your paper a much more artistic appearance.

"The Echo," (?)—Your departments might be arranged to better advantage. We would also like to know where you are from.

"The Gavelyte," Cedarville, O.—Please don't put ads in the front of your paper and with your literary material. The whole appearance of the paper will be greatly changed if you try this.

Despite the criticisms we have enjoyed each and every one of the "Exchanges," and hope to see them again very soon.

JOSHES

Visitor (entering school and seeing "Turkey Buzzard" and hearing Margaret whistle)—"My, is this a bird farm?"

★ ★ ★

Leo—"Are your hands cold?"
Rhoda—"Yes."
Leo—"Sit on them."

★ ★ ★

Why is it that Miss P. Brown is so interested in love stories, and always has one on her tongue's end?

★ ★ ★

Miss B. (in Algebra)—"Mr. A., don't you really know anything?"

★ ★ ★

After James had succeeded in getting a very hard problem in Algebra, one of the class exclaimed:

"Oh, Jim is a jewel."
Jim—"Yes, I'm a diamond."
Miss B.—"No, not a diamond, a Ruby."

★ ★ ★

Heard February 14th—"I will be your valentine," said Fred.

A shadow passed across Louise's face. "I was in hopes I wouldn't get any comics this year," she said.

★ ★ ★

WOULDN'T IT BE WORTH WHILE

For George to mend the crack in his voice.
For "Max" to learn a new laugh.
For Hazel to give some one else a chance to talk.
For Gladys C. to learn a new walk.
For Mabel to pull down her shoulders.
For the Sophomore boys to give the other boys a chance.
For Ernest to quit teasing.

★ ★ ★

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Head Expansion—Joe Keyes.
Most Lovable Man—James McCrory.
Most Popular Man—Leo Reese.
Best Substitute for a Furnace—George Allen.

Joe (in Physics, experimenting with an induction machine)—"Nannie, will you turn it?"

Nannie—"Yes, if you won't spark me."

★ ★ ★

"My but it's hot in the typing room!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"George's hair raised the thermometer 10 deg. and Hazel was talking."

★ ★ ★

John F., while driving to school, noticed Rosalinda ahead of him, so he pulled up and offered her a lift; she gladly accepted and they had a nice time all the way to school.

"Thank you, Johnnie," she said as she got down.

"Don't mention it, Rosalinda, don't mention it," he told her politely.

"No, I won't," Rosalinda obligingly assured him.

★ ★ ★

ADVICE FOR DAILY USE.

1.—Never use your brains when you can use a teacher.

2.—In case of doubt consult a Senior.

3.—Avoid affectation and flirting in the halls.

4.—Never say "fail," just "unprepared today."

5.—Never say "kicked out," just "excused."

6.—Never talk about something which you don't know anything about.

★ ★ ★

Rhoda (in English IV)—"Mr. Penfield, isn't Lumbago some kind of a stew?"

★ ★ ★

Musicians furnished free for Four Leaf Clover Club dances. Apply to the High School Orchestra.

★ ★ ★

Louise—"Fred, do you have much trouble with your auto?"

Fred—"Trouble? Say, I wouldn't have more trouble if I was married to the blame machine."

★ ★ ★

Science Teacher—"What is necessary to make a candle burn?"

Helen Chandler—"A wick."

★ ★ ★

"Did you tell Miss B. that I helped you with your Algebra today, George?"

"Yes, Hazel."

"What did she say?"

"She said she wouldn't keep me in today because it wouldn't seem right that I should suffer for your ignorance."

★ ★ ★

In Physics (a class of six girls and one boy)—This magnet does not seem to work right, there are so many attractions in this room.

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Ray—"Why does Louise 'Reade' so much about Los Angeles?"
Hazel—"'Shirley' (surely) she is interested."

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